

THE POLYNESIAN.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863

From Alphonse de Lamartine's Travels.
An Eastern Legend Versified.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TURNER.

Two just when harvest-tide was gone

In Haroun's golden days;

When deers in love and honey done

Were blest with royal praise:

Two equal heirs of perch and rood,

Two brothers, woe and said,

As each upon the other's good

Bethought him in his bed.

The elder spake unto his wife—

"O brother dwells alone;

No little babes to cheer his life,

An helmsman hath he none:

"Up let us get, and of our heap

A shock bestow or twain,

The while he lieth sound asleep

And wots not of the gain."

So up they gat, and did address

Themselves with loving heed,

Before the dawning of the day,

To do that gracious deed.

Now to the other, all unsought,

The same kind fancy came;

Not wist they of each other's thought,

Though moved to do the same.

"My brother he hath a wife," he said,

"And babes at breast and knee;

A little boon might give him aid,

Though slender boon to me."

So up they gat, and did address

Himself with loving heed,

Before the dawning of the day,

To make his brother's deed.

Thus played they off their kindly parts;

And marvelled oft to view

Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts

In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and wondering stood

To see by clear daylight,

How each upon the other's good

Bethought him in the night.

So when this tale to Court was brought,

The Caliph did decree,

Where twain had thought the same good thought,

There Allah's house should be!

The Perils of Emancipation.

"My dear Abbe," said Mirabeau to the Abbe Sieyes, "you have unchained the bull; do you expect he is not to gore with his horns?" This spirited interrogatory may with still greater force be addressed to President Lincoln after the ominous first of January, if he should succeed in making good the proclamation he proposes then to issue. What was there in the aspect of the French populace on the day of the meeting of the States-General from which even the acutest mind could have inferred the thick-coming excesses and atrocities which converted Paris into a grand carnival of devils? Those terrible orgies were the intoxication produced by a sudden change in the condition and hopes of the lower orders, of whom the Abbe Sieyes said: "They would be free, and they know not how to be just." Do the southern negroes occupy a higher rank in the scale of intelligence and virtue than did the free laborers, mechanics and shop-keepers of the French capital? Is the change proposed for them less great and sudden? Are the hopes it is calculated to inspire less wild and chimerical? Are the enthusiasts, under whose tutelage the negroes are likely to fall, less absurdly fanatical and ferocious? Let the reply be found in the respect they pay to the memory of St. John Brown. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is a sound and amiable type of this class of enthusiasts, and he blasphemously compared the execution of John Brown on the gallows to the crucifixion of Christ on the cross. If they did these things in the green tree what shall they not do in the dry? If a mild and amiable *litterateur*, before the civil war had stirred up his force and envenomed passions, could thus sanctify and allow the attempt of a courageous fool to incite the negroes to cut the throats of their masters, what moderation is to be expected from coarse abolition leaders, when backed by the government in an attempt to exterminate slavery at all hazards?

It is idle to say, as Gen. Wadsworth said in his electrifying letter, that the negroes are a mild and harmless race, who will never resort to violence. The horrors of San Domingo furnish one of a hundred answers to this piece of silly optimism. It is as certain as that there is a sun in the heavens, that the emancipation policy will not succeed at all, or else that its success will be accompanied by wide-spread, servile insurrections, and followed, at a longer or shorter interval, by a war of extermination between the black and white races. Jefferson, himself the sworn foe of slavery, wrote to John Holmes in 1820: "I can say, with conscious truth, that there is not a man on earth who would sacrifice more than I would to relieve us from this heavy reproach in any practicable way. The cessation of that kind of property (for so it is misnamed) is a bagatelle which would not cost me a second thought, if in that way a general emancipation and expatriation could be effected. But as it is, we have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither safely hold him nor let him go. Slavery is in one sense and self-preservation in the other." If the negroes could not be emancipated, even by the South itself, and remain in the country, without dangers from which this bold apostle of liberty shrank back in horror, is it likely that emancipation can be effected by armed force, against the armed opposition of the masters, without raising and letting loose the fiercest passions of the subject race?

It may be said that Jefferson was a Southerner and a slaveholder, and therefore no impartial judge of the perils of emancipation. But the fact that he had spent his life in the South, and had reflected earnestly on this question from his youth, is at least favorable to his knowledge, if not to his impartiality; an impeachment of which would come with peculiarly bad grace from the abolitionists. There is no honored name among our patriot ancestors which is so often in their mouths, there is nothing which they are so fond of quoting as political apophthegms drawn from his writings. But as his testimony may, nevertheless be expected to on the ground that being a slaveholder, he was an interested party, we will produce that of a more recent, and even a more philosophical judge of the inevitable results of emancipation. It is no less a name than that of De Toqueville, the calmest, ablest, and most far-seeing critic our institutions ever had, and, by universal consent, the first political philosopher of this century. De Toqueville says: "The danger of a conflict between the white and the black inhabitants of the Southern States of the Union—a danger which, however remote it may be, is inevitable—perpetually haunts the imagination of the Americans. I confess I do not regard the abolition of slavery as a means of warding off the struggle between the two races in the United States. The negroes may long remain slaves without complaining; but if they are once raised to the level of freemen, they will soon revolt at being deprived of all their civil rights; and as they cannot become the equals of the whites they will speedily declare themselves as enemies."

When I contemplate the condition of the South, I can only discern two alternatives which may be adopted by the white inhabitants of those States, viz.: either to emancipate the negroes and to intermingle with them; or, remaining isolated from them, to keep them in a state of slavery as long as possible. All intermediate measures seem to be likely to terminate, and that shortly, in the most horrible of civil wars, and perhaps in the extinction of one or the other of the two races."

Early in February last a flock of about 4,000 mixed sheep, the property of Mr. Riddell, passed through Swan Hill, and thence down the Victorian side of the Murray River, causing much fear and anxiety amongst all owners of sheep in this district, in consequence of it being known that they came from a locality notorious for the prevalence of scab—viz., the Ballarat district—and that they had passed through scabby ranges. However, no disease having been detected when every facility was given by the owner of the sheep for its discovery at Swan Hill, their progress could not be stopped, and on they came, the fears of the residents in this district not being in the least degree allayed by the non-detection of scab, as all felt convinced that sooner or later it would make its appearance, and the scab had too fully justified their apprehensions. Several advised Mr. Riddell to return with his sheep, but although the great danger he incurred was pointed out to him by those who would probably be joint sufferers, he seemed, whilst listening to their advice, perfectly satisfied that their alarm was groundless, and continued on his way towards the Darling River, upon which he stated he was in hopes of securing some country in the neighborhood of the far-famed Moniepie. In consequence of fresh information or rumors, Mr. Jones, the Inspector of Scab for this district, overtook and examined the sheep on Bangs Station, eighty miles below Swan Hill, on the 14th and 15th inst., and then saw enough to justify him in applying for a warrant to enable him to detain and thoroughly inspect them, though in consequence of Mr. Riddell personally offering every assistance as before for their inspection, it was merely a necessary matter of form. On the 17th, in the presence of C. Pascoe, Esq., P. M., of Swan Hill; Mr. Jones, Mr. Stalley, Inspector of Scab, Doniquin, New South Wales, and of several residents from the neighboring stations, they were again inspected, and the scab, the dreaded scab, was only too visible to all, including Mr. Riddell, who remarked, "Now it is certain they are scabby I trust no one my sheep injured, and the sooner they are burnt and all further danger prevented the better."

Burning of 3,780 Scabby Sheep.

Warrant for their destruction was then issued by Mr. Pascoe, and the sheep were given into the charge of Mr. Murray, senior mounted trooper of Nuring Police Station, and preparations were at once made for the execution of the warrant, though, from the lateness of the hour, little could be done till the following day, early in the forenoon of which all the strength of the neighborhood collected to aid in the necessary work of destruction. It was decided to make a large yard, in which to enclose and kill the sheep, then to burn them, though the policy of killing so large a number at once seemed very questionable to some, who foresaw the difficulty that would arise from so many dead bodies heaped together, more especially if the weather, which then seemed unsettled, should turn wet. Nineteen willing hands soon had a yard constructed, and at half-past twelve, on the 18th the massacre of the innocents commenced, and in three hours was completed. Before the expiration of this time, six additional assistants from the adjoining station had arrived, and were aiding in the slaughter, which was a fearful sight, and one not to be forgotten. There was much trouble attending the destruction of the last score or two, and not a little risk of escapes, in consequence of their being enclosed in a smaller and securer yard. They broke out repeatedly, and at last it was a matter of impossibility to get them near the scene of blood; however, by means of horses, a gun, much running, and ultimately surrounding them, each choosing and catching his victim or victims, they were all destroyed. The next thing to be done was to burn them. Very fortunately, a better place for firewood could hardly have been selected had there been a choice, many tons of dead wood lying in a half circle round the sheep, but unfortunately to windward of them, therefore they all had to be moved or placed on the wood heaps before the fires could be lighted, which caused double work, and added to the disgusting part of it. Could the fires have been lighted, and the sheep thrown upon them when in full blaze, it would not have taken one-third of the time to have thoroughly consumed them. When the sheep were killed, a few of the neighbors left, the others remaining till dusk, by which time about 400 were piled ready for burning, and night coming on stopped any further proceedings. The next morning, by sunrise, the work was resumed by fifteen hands, and during the day these were joined by six others, who stayed till sunset, giving valuable assistance. At this time there were about a thousand still to move, and next to fling up the fires, which had been partially lighted at half-past twelve, P. M. None but an eye-witness could imagine the horror of the work; at times it was too much for any one save blacks to bear; these rather outnumbered the whites, and were not quite so sensitive to the offensiveness of the work, which any one can imagine was caused by so many heaps of fast putrifying carcasses. Fortunately the weather continued dry, and the "slaughter-yard" would have been unapproachable. It was easily foreseen that the task must be finished without loss of time, so without intermission, unless for the purpose of allowing the fires to gain strength or for strengthening ourselves, all continued at it till ten minutes past one, A. M., when the last of 3,780 sheep was thrown on the burning heaps.

Although the work was of the most fatiguing and disgusting description, I have never seen more sincere and hearty energy displayed than by those engaged, especially after dark; not an idle word of person conducting the working parties needed more than hinting to secure its immediate execution or attempt. And that when some of the men were worn out, too great praise cannot be bestowed upon both blacks and whites—the latter being chiefly Mr. Riddell's men, actuated by a feeling of strong sympathy for their master in his severe loss, and a desire to save him any further expense they had in their power to prevent the loss of the sheep, though certainly not required to more than their share, that the law was carried into effect, was second to none in his personal assistance, which he rendered with every energy to the last. I could not help regretting the absence of a clever sketcher or photographer, during a short pause about midnight for the purpose of allowing the fires to regain strength. We were all, blacks and whites—rather difficult to distinguish one from the other—seated on a log, with the fires stretching in a half circle for two hundred yards before us; every now and then a lurid flame would burst through the dense curling clouds of smoke, lighting up the hideousness of the scene, rendering it more hideous. In one place, a limb of a huge fallen tree stretched for many tens or twelve feet, looking, through the thick smoke, like a frightful monster, gloating over the work of destruction. I could not help reflecting, "What would they think of this in England?" A similar scene few can ever witness, and none can desire a repetition of it. I have said the last sheep was thrown upon the fires at ten minutes past one, A. M.; all then sought rest as best they could—some in a tent, others, including myself, by the side of a cheering fire, and for a few hours forgot the horrid spectacle. At sunrise we were up, and, having breakfasted, were soon busy adding fuel to the flames. I left the scene at eleven, A. M., at which time all that remained of the sheep were in a fair way of becoming charcoal.

This occurrence has excited a variety of opinions. All very strongly and consistently condemn the action of bringing scabulous sheep into this district, the only one, I believe, in all Victoria that has never suffered from that terrible scourge, the "scab." Some—and are not of the minority—think that Mr. Riddell deserves the infliction of the heaviest fines and penalties the law can award, believing that he introduced the scab willfully.

Others, and these, though fewer in number, are among the class of sufferers, and think that Mr. Riddell, in the loss of his sheep, has suffered sufficiently for an egregious error of judgment, but think it was this only, and are of opinion that the infliction of any further penalties of more than nominal amounts will be only persecution. It is hard to say who are right, but as the case will be brought before the Bench at Swan Hill on the 25th instant, the evidence that will then be adduced will decide. One thing is certain, that since the detection of scab, Mr. Riddell has shown every anxiety to prevent the infliction of further injury, by doing all that lay in his power to prevent its spread, and I think all in this neighborhood have shown their appreciation of this by aiding him in destroying his sheep, which he is required by law to carry out most thoroughly at his own cost, and have thus saved him a large additional expense. It may be urged that it was for their own protection; true, and equally so that a few gave their aid with this sole end in view, but the majority not only had not this motive, but were glad to show that they recognized the only means Mr. Riddell had in his power of proving his regret for the serious injury he had inflicted upon this district. Money in one or two instances was generously given to the blacks as a reward for their able assistance. In no one instance has a claim for expenses been submitted to Mr. Riddell for the work performed. Fortunately for this district, there is but one flock of sheep anywhere within twenty-five miles of where the infected sheep were destroyed. This flock, though running ten miles from the spot, and never having been within miles of where the infected sheep fed, are being taken away for sale, to prevent the possibility of the after development of the disease, which might be communicated from a stray sheep that may yet possibly be at liberty, though of that there is little probability, the whole country having been scoured by men on horseback.—New Zealand.

The Giant Groves of California.

There are two large groves of the mammoth pine trees of California. The one which is usually visited is in Calaveras County. It contains hardly a third as many trees as the Mariposa cluster, which we are in search of in this letter, but is more easy of access. It covers about as much space as Boston Common, and a good carriage road leads to the heart of it. At the portal of the grove stand a pair of sentinels, 25 feet apart, which are 60 feet in circumference and 300 feet high. They are well named the "Two Guardians." Passing these wardens, you drive up to a hotel, and find the grounds trimmed up and the trees named and labelled. Some of the labels are of gilt letters on marble, and are tall and aristocratically placed in the bark 10 to 20 feet above the ground. The "Hercules" in this grove is 93 feet in circumference. The "California," 73 feet in circumference, shoots up straight as an arrow 310 feet. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a tree which has been burnt out; it is 83 feet in circumference, and will lodge twenty persons. The "Mother of the Forest" is 327 feet high, and nearly 80 feet in girth.

One of these Calaveras trees, 300 feet high, was cut down a few years ago, eight feet from the ground. Part of the trunk is used as a bowling alley, and the stump, 25 feet in diameter, covered with a canopy of green boughs, is now a dancing saloon. To cut it down, pump augers were used from either side, and the tree was completely severed from the base. But so nicely poised was it that it would not fall. Only by driving in large wedges with immense battering rams could its equilibrium be disturbed sufficiently to make it top heavy. Five men were at work twenty-five days in this wretched drudgery of destruction.

The Mariposa grove stands as the Creator has fashioned it, unimproved except by fire, which long before the advent of Saxon white men had cleared the base of the larger portion of the stalwart trees. We rode on for an hour, climbing all the time, till we reached a forest plateau, 5,000 feet above the sea. Riding on a road through ordinary evergreens with dark stems, we at last caught a glimpse of a strange color in the forest. It is a tree in the distance of a light cinnamon color. We ride nearer and nearer, seeing others of the same complexion starting out in the most impressive contrast with the sombre columns of the wilderness. We are now in the grove of the Titans. We single out one of them for a first acquaintance, and soon dismount at its foot.

I must confess that my own feelings, as I first scanned it and let the eye roam up its twain pillars, were those of disappointment. But then I said to myself, this is doubtless one of the striplings of the Anak blood—only a small affair of some forty feet girth. I took out the measuring line, fastened it to the trunk with a knife, and walked around, unwinding as I went. The line was 75 long. I came to the end of the line before completing the circuit. Nine feet more were needed. It was nearly 300 feet high. During the day I had seen a hundred sugar pines, which appeared to be far more lofty. The next one we measured was 89 feet two inches in girth; the third was 90 feet. Divided into two groups there are 650 of them within a space of one mile and three quarters.—American Traveler.

The Fat Man and Commissioner.

It is well known that Commissioner K— was very precise and exact in his proceedings; always keeping an eye to the interests of the country, while dealing honorably with all. Now it happened that among the able-bodied men drafted there was an obese specimen of humanity, but whom the chances hit as one of the elect. When he received his ticket for soap, he hastened to town, and knowing where lived the cutest specimen of a lawyer, he went straight to his office. He said: "I'm drafted!"

"The deuce you are! It must have been a strong man that drafted you!"

"Well, I'm drafted, and I want to get out. Can't march. I'll pay you."

"Very well."

The twain proceeded to the office of the Commissioner.

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner, I have a substitute."

The Commissioner looked at the wheezy specimen for some time.

"He won't do; can't march."

"But he must do," blundered out the lawyer, "and you know he will."

"He can't march; he won't do; and I can't take him."

This was what our smart friend wanted.

"He won't do, eh?"

"No, he won't."

"Well, then, scratch his name off the list; he is drafted and wants to be exempted."

The Commissioner looked at the lawyer for about a minute; then he regarded the fat draft for another minute, without speaking a word, scratched his name off the list.

Washing the Bride in the Bath.—Bridal parties assemble and sometimes pass three successive days in the luxury of the Turkish bath. This is the way in which the bride, who is the center of attraction, is treated.—Her hair is unbraided, she is slowly disrobed, and then, with her limbs slightly girdled with crimson silk, she is mounted on high clogs, and led through halls and passages gradually increasing in temperature, with fountains overflowing their marble floors; she is placed on a marble platform, near to a jet of hot water; fuller earth is rubbed on her head, she is lathered with soap, and brushed with a handful of tow; then hot water is poured over her freely, she is swathed in long towels, and by slow degrees conducted back to a more moderate temperature, and lastly to a fountain of cool water. Her companions in the meantime undergo the same process. Then, shrouded in muslin, crape, or linen, they all sit together smoking, till they are all rested and refreshed.—Domestic Life in Palestine.

How do you do this morning, James?"

"Very much better, I thank you. I did think, a while ago, I was not as well; but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. Stubbs, the undertaker, and he looked cross at me."

Hotels and Restaurants.

German Ocean Restaurant!

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has leased the above named establishment, in King Street, in connection with his spacious accommodations for Lodgings at the French Hotel premises, he feels himself prepared to attend to the wants and comforts of those who may favor him with a call. Everything will be ordered at the shortest notice. Mechanics and business men will find us ready and waiting at the earliest hour. The Tables will be supplied with everything the market affords. Breakfast from 6 1/2 to Dinner from 1 1/2 to Supper from 5 to 6. Board \$4 00 per week. Single meals 25 cents. Furnished rooms \$1 50 per week. Lodgings 50 cents per night. 36 St. JOHN DAVIS, Proprietor.

National Hotel!

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE above well known establishment, tenders his sincere thanks for the patronage already extended to him by the public, and wishes to say, that it is still his intention to keep it what it is, a First Class House! The Proprietor is determined to extend such accommodations to those who will patronize him, as cannot fail to give the utmost satisfaction. 33 St. A. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

National Hotel,

CORNER OF NUUANU & HOTEL STS. THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the above establishment, would inform his friends and the public, that with his extensive stock of the best brands of Wines and Liquors, new BILLIARD TABLES, BOWLING ALLEYS, and gentlemanly attendance, nothing is left wanting for their comfort and amusement. 25 St. J. FULLER.

Real Estate.

Real Estate.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE! THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS for sale That Desirable Residence

In Nuuanu Valley, adjoining the premises of C. Brewer 3d, Esq., and Capt. J. Paty. There are two acres of choice garden land, well stocked with fruit and ornamental trees. The house contains a large parlor and dining room, two large bedrooms, one small do., dressing room, pantry, China closet, store room. There is a good cook room, servants' rooms, stable, carriage house, tool house, wood shed, &c. &c. Title Free Simple. Terms easy. Inquire of J. W. AUSTIN, Esq., or 30 St. J. FULLER.

For Rent!

THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR of the STONE BUILDING, occupied as Store and Office by the undersigned. The building is centrally located, receives light and ventilation from all sides and is otherwise convenient for offices. Rent low. For terms apply to J. W. AUSTIN.

For Sale or Lease!

THE HOUSE AND LOT ON THE corner of Bereftina and Punch Bowl Street. The house contains 7 good rooms, outhouses all complete. Water laid on. The house is suitable for a large family. Apply to SAM. SAVIDGE.

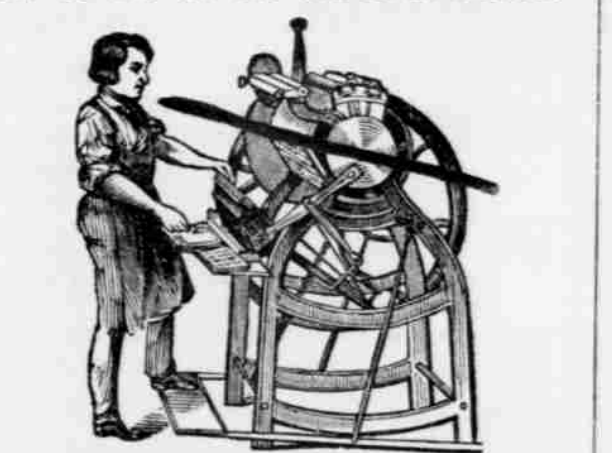
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THE SPACIOUS HOUSE ON WAIKIKI Plain, lately occupied by Mr. Jarrett, with its Outhouses and large enclosures. Apply to C. C. HARRIS, Attorney at Law.

Real Estate for Sale!

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale on moderate terms, the House and Lot on the corner of Bereftina and Alakea streets, owned by Mr. B. Pittman, and at present occupied by Mr. A. J. Cartwright. It is one of the best residences in town. Title free simple. For particulars apply to H. HACKFELD & Co. 51

POLYNESIAN



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HAVING TAKEN THE STAND ON KAHIMANUI STREET, over the shop formerly occupied by J. Lee, wood, opposite Bishop & Co's Bank, is now prepared to execute all orders for Binding Pamphlets, Illustrate Newspapers, Magazines, Music, Old Books, &c. &c.

Particular attention paid to re-binding old and choice Books. Mr. V. having had many years experience in book-binding all its branches, hopes to receive a share of the business patronized in Honolulu.

Orders from the other islands should be accompanied with particular directions, as to the style, and if the work is to match volumes previously bound, a sample volume should be sent with the job. 26 St.

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JUST RECEIVED,

PER "COMET," A SMALL Invoice of Rice Bags.

For sale by [St. 1] H. HACKFELD & Co.

Executor's Notice.

ALL PERSONS having Claims against the Estate of the late General Wm. Miller, are requested to lodge the same with the undersigned on or before the 1st of November next.

WM. WEBSTER, Attorney in fact for the Executor. 24 St.

Notice.

October 10th, 1862.

Honolulu Water Works!

NEGLECT BY Parties having Water Privileges, of the Rules established by this Department by the Minister of the Interior, and published in the Polynesian newspaper, having caused a serious scarcity of water for the supply of the town, all parties having Water Privileges are hereby notified that in future they will be held to strict adherence of those Rules.